VOL. IX.

ELITE RESTAURANT

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Allen Street, near Fifth.

The Table is Constantly Supplied

With the Very Best the

Polite Attentive Waiters will

Attend to your Orders.

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Imported Wines, Liquors and

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All kinds of Fancy Mixed Drinks a Specialty.

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All kinds of Second-hand Fur-

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and sold. Highest Cash price

Allen Street, between Fifth and

Sixth. Old Cadwell Building.

Auction House.

New Goods Received

Daily.

I buy for Cash and sell for Cash,

MARTIN, THE COBBLER.

sefar back as I can remember, I have seen Martin, the cobbler, in his tall, at the corner of the public square of ny village. I have always noticed him a shoe firmly held between his knees, bringing his tightly elenched fists together, bending his elbows, and plying awl with a regularity akin to that of the heavy brass pendulum in the clock case behind him, swinging tac, tac, tac, ever reminding him of the eternal monot-

ever reminding him of the eternal monotony of life.

Tac, tac, from left to right swings the pendulum, elbows bend and fists come together. Pan pant the hammer falls; work progresses, but never ends. After one shoe comes another. Men walk and shoes are worn out. Pan, pan! down and up, tac, tac, from right to left! All thy life, Martin, shalt thou ply thy awl and wield thy hammer, seated upon thy low chair in thy narrow booth, at the corner of the public square, opposite the church from which, on Sundays, escape strains as monotonous as the eternity of which they sing, as monotonous as our mortal lives which are ever swinging, tac, tac, from right to left, from fear to hope!

In spring and summer the trees in the square are clad in green; in autumn the leaves fall; in winter the limbs are bare. Tao, tac; all thy life, Martin, shalt these tag at thy awl and swing thy hammer;

leaves fall; in winter the limbs are bare. Tao, tac; all thy life, Martin, shalt the ting at thy awl and swing thy hammer; shoes wear out and men walk. Work always progresses, but never ends.

On the trunks of the trees and on the ground the shade is riddled with small luminous spots which ever glide to the right and to the left, obedient to the wind; and the cicada fills the air with its shrill noise—an unchanging, jerky note, which rises and falls as if it flitted far, far away, after having come so near.

The month of August slips by and the locusts disappear. Floods come down from the hills and inundate the plains. About the village myriads of frogs set up a loud, unceasing clamor, so regular a racket, to which we get so accustomed that, when asleep, a sudden cessation of it wakes us up with a start, wondering if anything unusual has occurred.

In the public square stands a fountain.

From the center of a round pond arises a little column supporting a small basin from which, through four pipes, the water flows and falls into the pond below with a merry splash, which never varies, never changes. It is ever the same monotonous mirth, that makes us feel sad when we remember that it is always thus, as indifferent to the departure of the dead covered with a black pall and being conveyed through the public square to their last resting place as it is to the arrival of the new born babe carried to the church for baptism.

The fountain with its four pipes is a

The fountain with its four pipes is a time keeper as well; it seems to mark the four seasons; it points to the north, to the south, to the east and to the west. Its waters rustle continuously, just like the leaves, like the frogs and like the locusts, like the strains from the church, like the pendulum, like old Martin's hammer—pan, pan! Shoes wear out and men travel. Work progresses, but is never finished. Old Martin has a wife; a good, economical wife. Even on Sundays he works, heedless of the cure's remonstrances. "If I did not work on Sunday, Monsieur le Cure, I would probably get tight!" No one has ever seen him drunk, not even his

Cure, I would probably get tight!" No one has ever seen him drunk, not even his happy wife, who adores him.

What does Old Martin think about as he plies his awl, as he wields his hammer? "Tis odd he wishes to give up his stall. He is planning to quit it altogether.

From the square passers by who glance at the little booth find it pretty, because the glazed door, which is just as wide as the shop itself, is bordered with verdure, and Old Martin on the inside, behind the glass, in the center of his frame of flowers, resembles a lifelike picture, one of those masterpieces to which the artist gives so much expression, such an appearance of

masterpieces to which the artist gives so much expression, such an appearance of reality that a single glance gives us an in-sight of the life of the person represented, his habits, even of his very thoughts. Always unchanging, just like a painted picture, Old Martin grows old as he plies his awl. From time to time he raises his where the fountain plays, where men walk. "How d'do, Pere Martin?" "How d'do, how d'do." They pass by and go about their business. They will come

about their business. They will come back. What are Old Martin's thoughts so busy about? He is thinking of giving up his little shop. He has had enough of it. He feels that he is getting old. And it is just because he has had enough of the shop that he remains there; that he does not move from it; that he is to be seen not move from it; that he is to be seen there so early in the morning and so late at night, pegging away! Martin works hard now, so as to be able to stop working some day. His plans are all laid out. He is saving money. Pan, pan! During a whole lifetime he will drudge, so as to have, at the end, a few happy days without work, when he will change his quarters and no longer have to say: "Walk in, walk in; we will see about it!" or "The lowest price is six francs!" or "How d'do, how d'do!" to each passing wagoner.

Then, he will have a garden, a little arden of his own, which he will water and attend to, in front of a little home he will have built. In his mind he had alwill have built. In his mind he had already selected the site of the house; it will be at one of the extremities of the village, at a short distance from the highway where men walk and shoes are worn out. Old Martin is getting tired of drudging with awl and hammer.

Honest Martin smiles as he works, because his heart is light with hope. He is a worthy man and customers come to his shortfrom afar. He is hourding up shim.

the bird builds its nest. * * * Eh, eh, eh, eh! Aud it happens now, that those who pass by the shop, hear old Martin laugh. He is laughing all to himself over his pleasant fancies, his little garden, his cory home that will be built on the spot he knows so well, at one of the extremities of the village, a short distance from the public road where men walk and shoes are worn out.

'Hello! Old Martin! we have hired an

"Hello! Old Martin! we have hired an assistant it seems?"

"Faith, yes, as you see!"

There are two of them in the shop now, an old man and a young one, plying the awl and wielding the hammer, and greeting passers by with "How d'do." There are two of them now in the green frame, an old and a young one. The apprentice seems young and vigorous, while Martin looks quite old

"An assistant. Martin! that makes

looks quite old

"An assistant, Martin! that makes
quite a change in your life, ch?"

"A change? Yes, but oh! so little some! There were too many customers!"

"So much the better, Martin! so much the better. Too much work makes one

A change? He does not understand. No, his habits have not changed; there is the square, the church and the fountain, the same identical things, the same noises, the same words. Funerals still solemnly flie by on their way to the graveyard, christening parties still go to the church. Men walk and shoes wear out. Taci taci pan, pan! but there will soon be an end to all this. The house will soon be an end to all this. The house will be erected. It is being built. The frame is up. The whole country talks of Martin's house. It will shut out the notary from a view of the plain and he, naturally, is anything but pleased. A few days more of drudgery, worthy man, and thou shalt have earned thy day of rest. Work! work! The fountain sings sweetly! To-morrow thou wilt not hear it. Thy hammer seems to resound joyfully. The new house has two stories. Upon the roof, right against the chimney, the bricklayers have set a flag, adorned with a bouquet of cleander blossoms! Thy dream is realized! Thy house is up. Thy flag floats as proudly in the

soms! Thy dream is realized! Thy house is up. Thy fing floats as proudly in the breeze as does the one over the town hall on holidays. Come, now, Martin! treat the workmen. Choose for that purpose some fine Sunday and christen thy new house! Thy needst no longer plythy awi and thou mayst lay down thy hammer.

I need no longer ply my awl, I may lay down my hammer! So frequently has old Martin been toasted that he is tight,

I need no longer ply my awl, I may lay down my hammer! So frequently has old Martin been toasted that he is tight, in fact, very drunk. He had never tasted that white wine before, and he finds it very pleasant to drink, much better than the water of the fountain. It is Martin's first Sunday, the first on which he does not hear issuing from the church the regular murmur of hymns as monotonous as the eternity of which they sing! It is, then, a real Sunday, a day of rest! All Martin's habits will now change. Playfully he pats his apprentice's shoulder. Eh! eh! eh! Both are fuddled, and they look at each other very strangely, saying such funny things that a crowd gathers around, laughing at them and exciting them on. Martin's wife comes up. Hello! why did the merry making wind up in a fight?

The jollity ended in a row. How did he get drunk? Why did he make his apprentice tipsy? No one would have dared to joke with poor. Martin about his wife at his age. He weuld nat have been so furious. And that evening in his residence (the old house, not his own, the new one), alone with his wife and apprantice, he would not have got so mad as to wound the young man in the arm with his shoemaker's knife. But it was his first Sunday. He was changing his mode of life and his habits forever; he wished to have a merry making, the only one in his lite, and he wished it such that people would say: "Oh! on that day Martin did things in style!" Then he returned home drunk and fell to beating his wife and apprentice; they defended themselves, and there were blows, screams and blood! And to fill the measure of the old man's woes, in his crazy fit of drunken fury he took up a lamp and set fire to the hanging of his bed, to the curtains of the windows, shouting at the top of his voice: "Let everything burn!" He has had enough of a life of drunker fury he took up a lamp and set fire to the hanging of his bed, to the curtains of the windows, shouting at the top of his voice: "Let everything burn!" He has had enough of a life of drunker is no

boots has gone to pay for the damage done by the fire. Yet the little booth has not

In the public square the trees are, in turn, green, yellow or bare. The fountain, with its four spouts, still plays merrily, a saddening mirth because it seems so heartless, heeding a funeral as little as it does a christening. Funerals, weddings, christenings are seen every day passing through the public square of my village. At night the chorus of frogs makes a great din, not unpleasant to those who are accustomed to it, and who would probably awake with a start were it to cease while they slept. In summer the shrill locusts still nound their jerky notes in the topmost branches of the plane trees beneath which the shade is riddled with numerous round spous gliding hither and thisher, as do our hearts which are ever fluttering between hope and fear! Tac, tac, pan, pan! time flies, hammer strikes, men walk, shoes wear out. "How d'ye do! how d'ye do! In the public square the trees are, in

Pere Martin?"

Old Martin is there, alone, just as he used to be before he took an apprentice. His wife no longer smiles. She looks older and older every day, her skin is like parchment, and her back is beat; She prepares the soup and mends the clothes while her husband plies his awd. He no longer hopes for anything, neither house nor garden. Still, at times, he repeats to himself, as if in a dream: "Oh! if some 'ay, before dying, I could only own a small house with a little garden!" In feality, he feels as if he has had enough et jife—of that life in which a single day of jollity is followed by a world of trouble.

The old man lives on, just because he

The old man lives on, just because he can't help it.

In the center of his green frame which spring dots wit's blood red flowers, he resembles a masterpiece of art in which the painter has deftly depicted with lines and colors a man's whole life.

Far away, two leagues from the village, the railway trains sound their shrill whistles. They run upon rails which extend from one end of the earth to the other, encircling it, just as a hoop surrounds a barrel; but Martin is always, there, upon his low chair in his narrow booth.

Over the seas sail ships, leaving in their wakes long lines of foam which also seem to encircle the globe. Martin is still there, in his narrow booth, plying his awl and wielding his hammer.

There are many ways about the world, many roads, its paths are countless. Men travel and shoes wear out, but Martin will never stir.

Pan. pan! drive in the starlike pails.

Pan, pan! drive in the starlike nails, which shine under the thick soles of our pessants. Friend, thou hast hammered into the leather as many nails as there

into the leather as many nails as there are stars in the sky! Pan! pan! the hammer strikes! pan! pan! never stopping.

Conscripts leave the village, soldiers or sailors; so do the landed proprietors—all go far, far away, in ships or in cars, many go around the world, but when they return to my village, after a long absence, they always see Martin, the they return to my village, after a long absence, they always see Martin, the cobbler, a shoe firmly held between his tightened knees, energetically bringing his clenched fists together, bending his elbows and plying his awl with movements as regular as those of the brass pendulum, swinging in its coffin shaped case, accompanying with its teo, tac tac the noise of the hammer beating the leather with a sound similar to what will be heard some day when nails are driven into Old Martin's coffin The cid clock still reminds him of that efertial monotony of life which no one understands.

Old Martin is there, in his narrow

Old Martin is there, in his narrow booth, just as he used to be, all alone.

He is beginning over again.—Jean Afcard in The Figaro—Translated for

BILL NYE TAKES A HAND. Freetise with the Shakespeare-Bac

Tombstone

RUSTING that

will not in any way impair the sale of Mr. Donnelly's book, I de sire to offer here s few words in favor of the theory that William Shake speare wrote his own works and thought his own thinks. The time

thought his own thinks. The time has fully arrived when we humorists ought to stand by each other.

William Shakespeare knew all the time that he was a great man and that some day he would write pieces to speak. He left Stratford at the age of 31 and went to London, where he attracted very little attention, for he belonged to the yeomanry, being a kind of dvamatic Horace Greeley, both in the matter of clothes and penmanship. Thus it would seem that while Sir Francis Bacon was attending a business college and getting himself familiar with the whole arm movement, so as to be able to write a free, cryptogenous hand, poor W. Shakespeare was slowly thinking the hair off his head, while ever and anon he would bring out his writing materials and his bright, ready tongue and write a soanet on an empty stomach.

Shakespeare did not want his plays published. He wanted to keep them out of the press in order to prevent their use at spelling schools in the hands of unskilled artists, and so there was a long period of time during which the papers could not get hold of them for publication.

During this time Francis Bacon was in subile life. He wanted Shakespeare he was in subile life.

During this time Francis Bacon was in public life. He and Shaksspeare had nothing in common. Both were great men, but Ba-con's sphere was different from Shakespeare's.

con's sphere was different from Shakespeare's. While Becon was in the senata, living high and courting investigation, Shakespeare had to stuff three large pillows into his pantaloons and play Falstaff at one night stands.

Is it likely that Bacon, breathing the perfumed air of the Capitol and chucking the treasury girls under the chin ever and anon, hungered for the false joys of the underpaid and underscored dramatist! Scarcely!

That is one reason why I prefer to take the side of Shakespeare rather than the side of Bacon.

criticised by the press for leaving his family at Stratford while he himself lived in London, only visiting home occasionally, but I am convinced that he found they could live cheaper is that way. Help in the house was very high at that time in London, and the inligence offices were doing a very large busi friends of his told him that it was not only impossible to get enough help in London, but that there was hardly enough servants to prevent a panie in the employment bureau. Several offices were in fact compelled to shut down for a half day at a time, one using the limited stock in the forem in and the other in the afternoon.



Shakespeare was a perfect gentleman, hav-ing been made so by the Herald's college, which invested his father with coat armor. which invested his father with cost armor. This cost armor made a gentleman of the elder Shakespears, and as William's mother was already a gentleman under the code, William became one also both on his father's and on his mother's side. Of course all this is more detail and is dull and uninteresting, but I refer to it to show that those who have read things in Shakespeare's works that they did not like, and who therefore say that he was no gentleman, do the great bard an in-

I do not say that Shakespeare was the au ther of his own works, and it would not look welf in me to est up my opinion in oppositio

preciation, at least, of his ability to keep before the people.

It will be noticed by an alert and keen
scented litterateur that I have carefully
avoided treading on the tail of Mr. Donnelly cipher. Being rather a poor mathematician anyway, I will not introduce the
cipher at this time, but al will say that although the whole thing happened about three
hundred years ago, and has now nearly
passed out of my mind, to the best of my
recollection Shakespeare, though he was the
soa of a buckwheater, and though he married his wife with a poetic license, and
though he left his family at Stratford rather
than take them to live in a London flat, wrote than take them to live in a London flat, wrote the most of his plays with the assistance of an expurgator who was out of the city most all of the time.

I cannot show Shakespeare's ready with potter at this time than by telling of his lirst appearance on the stage as I remember it. He came quietly before the footlights with a roll of carpet under one arm and a tack hazmer under the other. In those days it was quistomery to nail down stage carpets, and while deing so "Shake," as we all called him then, knicked the nail off his left thumb, whereupon he received an ovation from the sudience. Some men would have been rattled Shakespears was one of the four English.

Shakespeare was one of the few Englishmen who never visited this country for two weeks for the purpose of writing an eight pound book on his impressions of America.—Bill Nye in New York World.

Miss Clare—And so your engagement with Mr. Featherly is at an end, Ethel? Miss Ethel—Yes, for evermore. Miss Clare—Will you return the presents

Miss Ethel-No. I cannot do that. He never gave me anything but caramels and loe cream.—New York Sun. What the Book Says.

Amateur Actress (rehearsing)—You must not say "exit" when you retire from the stage, lift. Shey. Amateur Actor (triumphantly showing her the books—That's what the book says, Miss

"He borrowed \$10 of me a couple of weeks ago," explained George.—New York Sun. Amateur Actress (convinced)—Why, so it

WILDCAT HUNTING.

The Delights of This Sport Patertain ingly Told. Wildcat hunting is very exciting, especially for the cat. Once in Mendocino county, Cal., I was enjoying a few days' quail shooting at I was enjoying a rew days quan shooting at a farmhouse where was a large and sociable dog. His father was a setter and his mother a bull terrier, and the combination of inherited qualities made this dog peculiar. If I took him hunting with me the setter instinct prompted him to rush around through the brush and scare off every bird within half a mile, and if I slipped away without letting him know, the faithful bull terrier quality would tend to come out in company with a large piece of my leg when I returned



One evening I was returning from a hunt with that dog. He had enjoyed the hunt so much that not a quail had remained in the county. Suddenly he plunged forward; there county. Suddenly he plunged forward; there was a quick rush and a scrabble, and I beheld a huge wildcat poised on the limb of a small tree just out of the dog's reach. Emotion swelled visibly in the cat's tail and frenzy ruled the dog. I stepped back a rod, extracted most of the shot from one barrel and sprinkled the cat in the region of the jumpers. He came out of the tree and came suddenly, and next minute there was a whirlwind of fur and agony under that tree, and mingled sounds informed me that both the cat and wrong. There was a combination of clawing and yowling, spitting and snapping, re-volving and rough and tumble excitement which lasted about a minute, and then a peaceful hush succeeded, during which the zephyrs blew away the cloud of dust and hair and disclosed what was left of the dog lying serenely at peace with the trivial remains of the cat, and both so mixed as to b

nseparable.

The trouble with that dog was that h pedigree was contradictory. His setter in-stinct prompted him to let go the cat and run, and his bull terrier instinct prompted him to hold on, lie down and chew, and be-fore he could make up his mind whether he ought to obey his father or his mother he died.

There is nothing so necessary to a sports-man as a thoroughbred, well broken dog. Always purchase a pedigree with the dog. A full blooded dog with a reliable pedigree costs about \$150, which allows \$140.50 for the pedigree and fifty cents for the dog.

The best dog for hunting purposes in this

section is a pointer. Some pointers are very expensive. I heard the other day that Cyrus Field once got a pointer from Jay Gould which cost him \$750,000.—Henry Guy Carleton in New York World.

Plantation Philosophy. It's nachul dat de higher we gits in dis life de mo' trouble we has. De taller de tree grows de mo' its shuck by de win'.

De bigges' an' healthies' chile mighty often doan' grow up ter ermount ter nothin'. De bigges' an' mos' promisin' wheat sometimes

I has knowed many er thief dat could discount er hones' man in puttin' up er straight count er hones' man in puttin' up er straight tale. I aint neber yet seed er baby dat could cry any mo' pityful den er painter ken.
"I hope I has 'ligion, but I doan' know," I hab hearn folks say; but I neber hearn er aan say, "I hopes I has money, but I doan' know." Dat sorter 'ligion dat yer hopes yer's got, but doan' know, ain't gwine ter do yer

no mo' good den der money what yer hopes yer's got, but down' know. Ef I wuz axed ter put er estermate on how much er man is wuth ter dis yere worl' I would fust try to fine out how much he thinks o' his mother. Er man may be good ter his wife au' kine ter his chillun, but ef he ain't good to de ole 'oman dat give him part o' her life au' fust larned him ter walk toward de success what he hab reached, he ain't de right sorter pusson.—Arkansaw Traveler.

A Foreigner's Mistake Distinguished Foreigner—Yes, I have trav-led a great deal in this country and I cannot felp wondering why your government does not catch these train robbers and lock

them up. American-Have you met train robbers? "Plenty of them; they're everywhere, it seems to me, but I must say they are very pelite for highwaymen."

"Very; and I notice, too, that they are all "Oh, those are not train robbers; those are porters."—Omaha World.

A Cook's Blunder. Omaha Dame-Jane, our guest, Mr. De Hunter, complains that you chopped up his decoy ducks for kindling. New Cook—It wasn't for kindling, mum. I thought they was a pair of chickens your husband sent home, an' I was tryin' to cut

them, mum. "Of all things! Where was it you said you worked before you came here?"
"At Mrs. De Style's boarding house, mum."

Refreshing Her Memory. "I am so glad you came in, Mr. Wabash," said Miss Breezy, brightly; "mamma and I were trying to recall a certain poet's name. Perhaps you can kindly come to our assist ance. His first name is Walter."
"Scott!" suggested Mr. Wabash.

"No, not Scott; it begins with 'W.'" "Whitman, possibly; Walter Whitman!"
"Oh, yes, that is it, Walter Whitman.
Thanks, awfully."—The Epoch.

Omaha Child (on eastern railway train)-Oh, mamma, there's a policeman walking through a corn field. Mamma (without looking out)-Is he chas ing any one?
"No; he's walking along just as they do in

the street." "Dear me! Get your things on. We are within the city limits of Philadelphia."— Cınaha World.

"George," she said, and her manner be-trayed anxiety, "what has come over papa of late? He treats you coldly and evidently tries to avoid you.

Unnecessary Anxiety.

Cochise Hardware and Trading Co.,

Wholesale and Retail Dealers in

General Merchandise.

Staple and Fancy Groceries.

Clothing, Boots and Shoes, Flour, Grain and Hay, Iron and Steel. Shelf and Heavy Hardware,

Agricultural Implements

MINING AND RANCH SUPPLIES, ETC.,

Allen Street, Between Third and Fourth.

By buying goods for Cash in Carload lots and taking advantage of Discounts in Eastern and Western markets, we are enabled to give our customers the benefit of the VERY LOWEST PRICES.

Agents for Studebaker Wagons and Safety Nitro Powder.

THE PEOPLE'S STORE BARROW'S

Cor. Fourth and Fremont Sts.,

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New Store! New Goods!

DRY GOODS

Ladies' and Children's Shoes, Slippers, Silk Handkerchiefs, Kid Gloves, Ladies' Hats; in fact, everything that can be found in a first-class Dry Goods Stor

Gents' Clothing, Furnishing Goods,

Hats, Caps, Boots and Shoes, Trunks, Valises, Carpets, Window Shades and Wall Paper, which I will sell at astonishingly low prices. Come and examine my Stock and Prices before purchasing elsewhere. Remember the place-Summerfields'

SALA SCHEIN, Proprietor.

PIONEER

HARE & PAGE, Proprietors

long trips.

Governor's Proclamation.

TERRITORY OF ARIZONA, EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT, OFFICE OF THE GOVERNOR.

WHEREAS, I am informed that William C. Drake, late private, Troop G., 4th Cavalry, was found murdered, at Sulphur Springs, south of Wilcox, Arizona, on the 29th day of September last, and no trace of the murderer or murderers

has been discovered,
Now, therefore, I. C. Meyer Zulick, Governor
of the Territory of Arizona, by virtue of the
authority in me vested, do hereby offer proclaim
a reward of five hundred dollars for the arrest and

a reward of five hundred dollars for the arrest and and conviction of the murderer or murderers of the said William C. Draka.

In testimony whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and caused the Great Seal of the Territory to be bereto affixed.

(SEAL) Done at Prescott, the Capital, this Twenty-sixth day of November, A. D. 1887, C. MEYER ZULICK.

By the Governor: Allen Street, above Occidental Hotel.

Governor:
JAS. A. BAYARD,
Secretary of the Territory.

and am thereby enabled to take advantage of the markets and give my customers the same ad-

My stock, which is well selected consists in part of Furniture, Carpets, Hats, Caps, Boots and Shoes, Crockery, Glassware, Tinware, Harness, Tents, Wagon Covers, Wall Paper, Guns and Ammuni-

SAM M. BARROW, Allen St., Between Fourth & Fifth

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Watt & Tarbell, LIVERY STABLE UNDERTAKERS

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(Next door to Hare & Page's Livery Stable.)

INDERTAKING AND EMBALMING

In all its Branchs. Preparing and Removing bodies promptly attended to.

Orders filled on short notice from any part of the County Night orders can be left at Hare & Page's Livery Stable.

F. N. The te's Cash Store is now ready for business at the new location in The best saddle horses and the Otis building, on Fremont street, driving rigs in the city. Parti- near the Postoffice. The choicest and cular attention paid to outfits for freshest groceries at the lowest cash